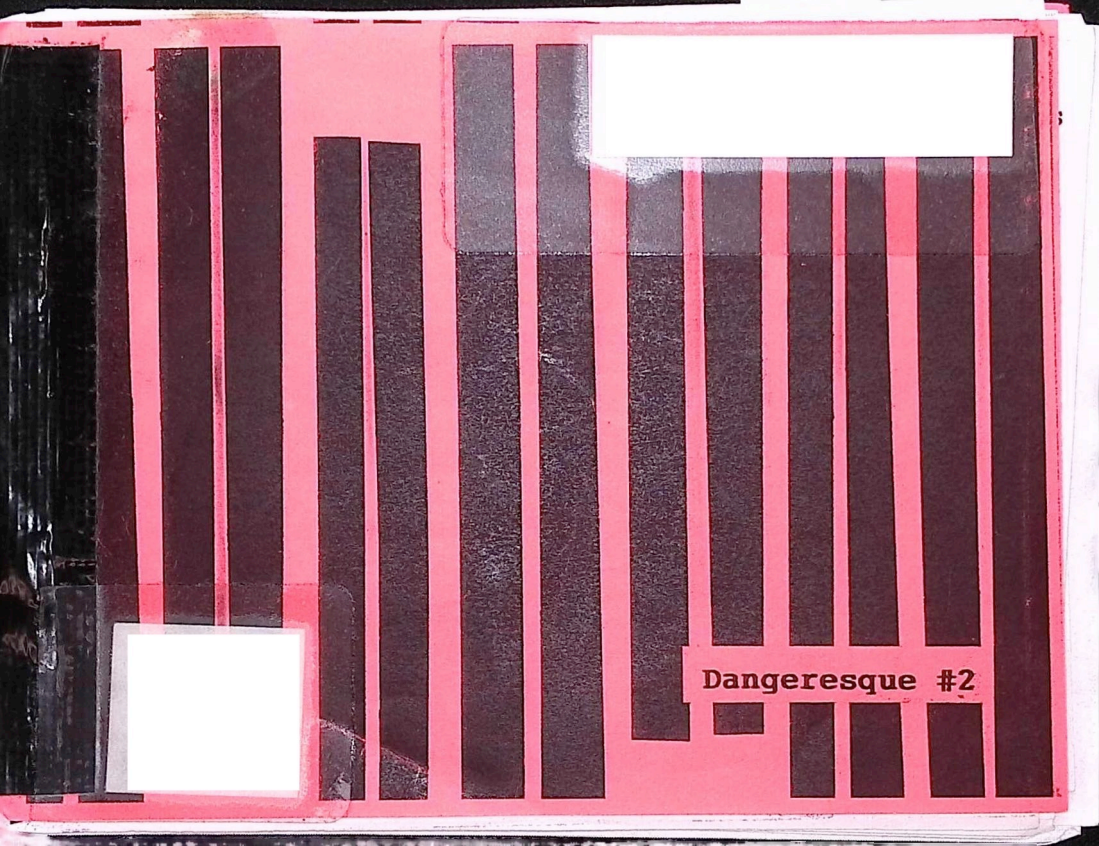
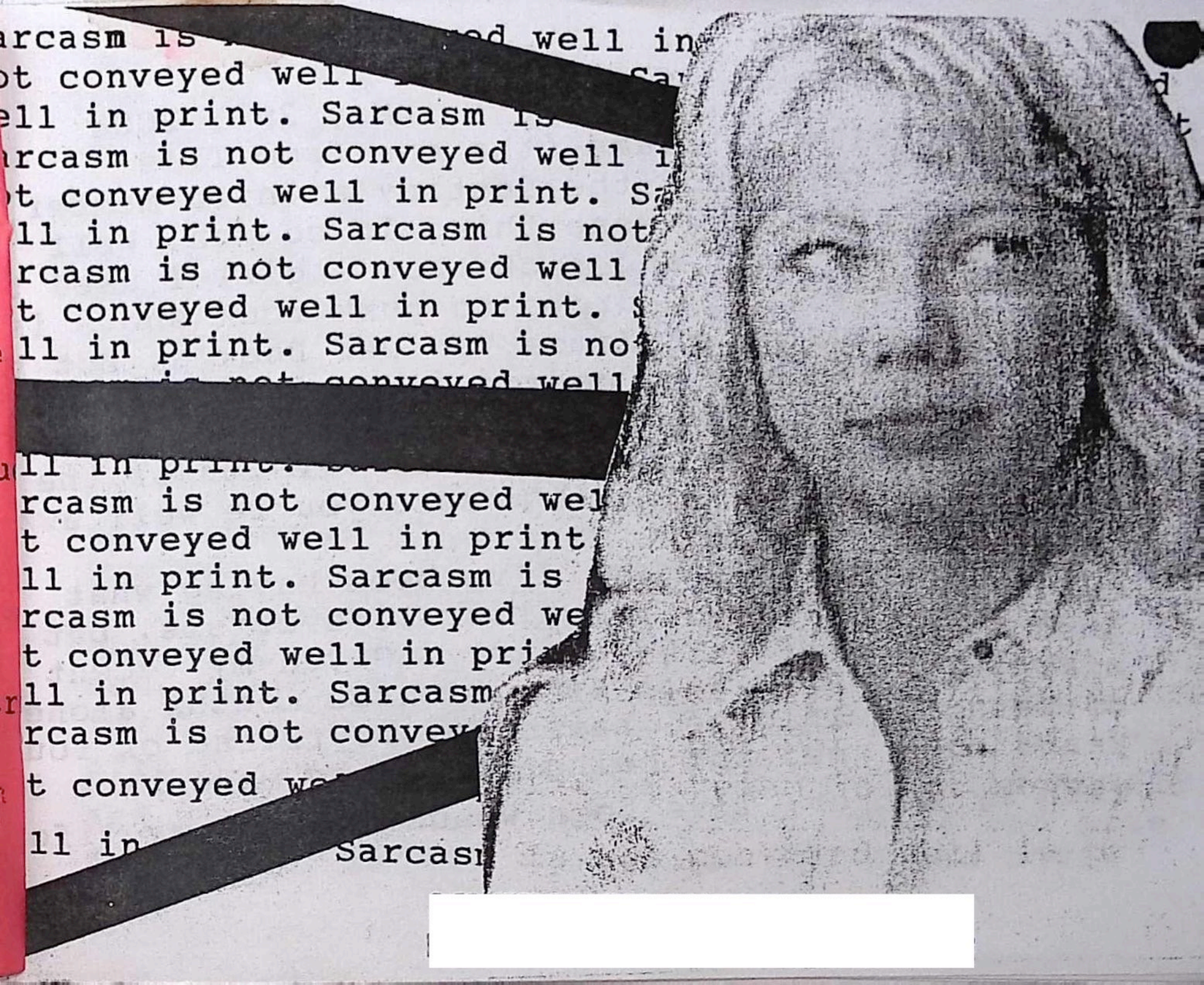

Dangeresque #2

Facts about this zine:

- Three out of four articles were written in May and June 2004, shortly after I put out the first issue of Dangeresque. They appear in this issue in the order that they were written.
- I still took a year and a half to put out this issue because I wanted to spend more time on editing and art/layout.
- I tried to make this issue a tad more personal and positive than the first iss
- This issue is mostly about the artists and entertainers I was interested in between the ages of 12 to 14, most of which I'm still interested in today.
- I still hate writing intros.
- This entire zine was typed on a $4 elec typewriter from a thrift store with a broken AutoCorrect key and other proble keys. Hence, no underlined or italicize movie, TV show, or book titles, and the occasional typo and crooked lines.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May 2nd, 2004

Dear Michelle Williams (the one from TV's Dawson's Creek, not the Destiny's Child member

You and I have one thing in common, Well two, if you count the fact that a girl I used be friends with and drove to punk rock shows i a second cousin of James Van Der Beek's. But one thing we have in common is that we both auditioned for the part of the main girl chara about 10 years ago for the film version of the old TV show Lassie. As I'm sure you're well aw of, you got the part.

For the past year, I've been having what could be considered a quarter-life crisis, but just two or three years early. Given my recent misfortune these past two or three months alon of being unemployed, having my boyfriend of fo years dump me, and being forced to move back with my mother; I've been wondering how my lif

would be different if I had made different choices or had been given different opportunitie What if I had gotten the part in Lassie? Did you go to a cattle call audition too? Did you have to listen to some other girl's mother prattle on about how her daughter always gets told that she looks just like Anna Chlumsky? Are you now wondering, "Whatever happened to Anna Chlumsky?" I admit, besides probably being one of the few 12-year-old brunettes with no big hair and no makeup; going to the audition two days after my family buried my 58-year-old grandfather that died of a heart attack due to emphysema probably cramped my style.

So what if I did get that part? I guess the other question is, would I have made the same career choices as you? I admit, I can't imagine having to kiss James Van Der Beek. I'm afraid that if I try to, I'll traumatize myself. And I seem to both reluctantly admire and hate Kevin Williamson. Scream was not a bad movie

or the most part, and it revived the horror
enre for awhile, but ever since then, and up
ntil this past year, characters in horror
ovies always have to comment that the situation
hat they are in "is just like a movie," or in
he most amusing line I've heard in this
phenomenon, "What would Bruce Campbell do?",
which was uttered in the D-movie non-classic
The Dead Hate the Living. I know you were never
in any of his films that he wrote, but still,
he has some blame that he needs to pick up. I
mean, the various times that I have watched
Dawson's Creek over the years, I never saw
anyone step back and say, "This is like an
episode of 90210" or, "This is like a
melodramatic teen soap opera." So the man is
not completely one-note. And while the man
killed off your character on Dawson's Creek
in the cliched manner of "The slutty girl/single
mother has to die," almost as if in a slasher
film, he had the sense to leave his crappy

main character and show's namesake alone and not getting the girl. So basically, I can't decide if Kevin Williamson is great or to call for his head. I tend to lean towards the latter because I didn't like Dawson's Creek (although it was and is a fun show to watch, giggle, and make fun of with my sister), on top of hating what he's done to the horror film genre. I'm glad that there have been a handful of horror directors recently whom, while their movies usually are not that good, at least have had enough sense to step away from that referencing bullshit. Believe it or not, taking the referencing out actually makes the movie more, well, believable. At least more enjoyable.

But anyway, that's the only career choice of yours that I have an issue with. The only movie of yours that I've seen is Dick, which I liked, and I wouldn't mind seeing the other movies you've been in, even if I'm not actively

At the age of 12, I was already suffering through my first serious bout of depression, on top of being a failed wannabe child/teen actres Then while reading an issue of Time magazine, he came into my life, albeit through glossy pages. He too, while being 12-15 years older than me, was also a failed actor wannabe. He too came from a single parent home (even if his mom remarried when he was my then-age) and he really loved movies and now had the luck of being able to make them. He was Quentin Tarantino.

In the throes of new hero worship, I somehow talked my mom into taking me to see Pulp Fiction for my thirteenth birthday. She, my younger sister, and I went to see it at a matinee showing at Cloverleaf Mall, which wasn typically an arty/indie theater, but I now assume was the closest theater to our home

showing it, despite being 30-45 minutes away. My mom, as we were walking out to our car after the movie said, "Matt Lauer was right. That movie is a movie you have to think about for a few days before you decide whether you like it or hate it."

I think I liked it. But after renting Reservoir Dogs, I decided that I liked that better than Pulp Fiction, an opinion I've stuck to to this day. Sometime between Pulp Fiction and Jackie Brown, I sort of stopped paying attention to Quentin Tarantino. I was probably busy being obsessed with Alfred Hitchcock films. I did see From Dusk to Dawn at some point though as a teenager, but it was rented from the video store. It didn't leave a mark, seeing how I couldn't tell you much about it other than, gee, George Clooney sure is handsome and charismatic.

The only reason I am writing this is that Quentin Tarantino has recently been thrust back into the public's, and therefore, my consciousness with the Kill Bill films. I was watching an interview with him on Dateline NBC a week or so ago, which mentioned that Tarantino was a high school dropout, former video store clerk, and never went to film school. All things I knew, but hadn't thought about in years. Watching movies was his schooling.

Although at this moment, I am not in school, I plan on going back eventually. The 2002-2003 school year was my first year at a real university, after doing time at a couple community colleges around here. I was then still, at my first semester, intent on becoming a film major, despite never owning a film or video camera, and never having made even a short film, things that seem necessary

these days. My small remedy was taking Photography classes at the community college I attended before I went to VCU, just so I could get my foot in the door, sort of. More or less, it worked, but due to some processing error, I was put into the Art Foundation program instead of the Film and Photography program. I had already completed the equivalent of Art Foundation at my previous school. My time at VCU was cursed from the beginning, I believe. The Dean of the Photography department was kind enough to get me placed into a Digital Photography class and a basic Film Studies class my first semester. I ended up dropping out of the Digital Photography class after a month. Creatively, I was burnt out, and I couldn't afford to use the printers that we were supposed to use to print our pictures from Photoshop with my weak wages from my new work-study job at the VCU Library.

Basically, my first film studies class, officially titled "Elements of the Moving Picture," consisted of watching a film every week, with my teacher asking us to pay extra special attention to one detail or another, suc as sound, sets, the point-of-view, etcetera. It wasn't a bad class really, I guess my only problem was difference of opinion. There were these three dudes who sat in the back every week who always asked the teacher every single week, "When are we going to watch Fight Club?" Towards the end of the semester, it took all I had in me not to pick up a chair and throw i at them. I think, around that time, my teacher was getting annoyed with that question too. They never asked his opinion on Fight Club, o tried to figure out what sort of movie element the class could learn or take from Fight Club

it was always, "When are we going to watch Fight Club?" When I told a slightly older co-worker of mine about those dudes, he said, "Yeah, I had guys like that in my class when I took it, but they always wanted to watch Quentin Tarantino films."

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I think film professors are only allowed to show one film by a woman director per semester. In my "Elements..." class it was The Piano by Jane Campion. In my "History of Independent Film" class, it was Working Girls by Lizzie Borden. But at least my professors showed some sort of remorse about only choosing to show one film directed by a woman.

It was mostly in my "Elements..." class where I had differences of opinion with my professor and his assistant. The Shining was written about in my first issue, although I

tend to think that Stanley Kubrick did not portray women well in his films. In one class, my professor's assistant basically showed off his work-in-progress thesis on David Lynch, another director whose work I have mixed feelings about. It was very hard for me not to walk out of class when he began insisting that Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me and Lost Highway really were good movies, and Fire Walk With Me is starting to get some respect.

I felt better about my "History of Independent Film" class. I saw my first silent movie, and learned about it's star, Paul Robeson. I watched a lot of films I had never heard of, even if I had heard of it's director. I was also introduced to the first film where I absolutely hated all of its characters, that made me so angry that I wanted to hurt everyone involved, and that

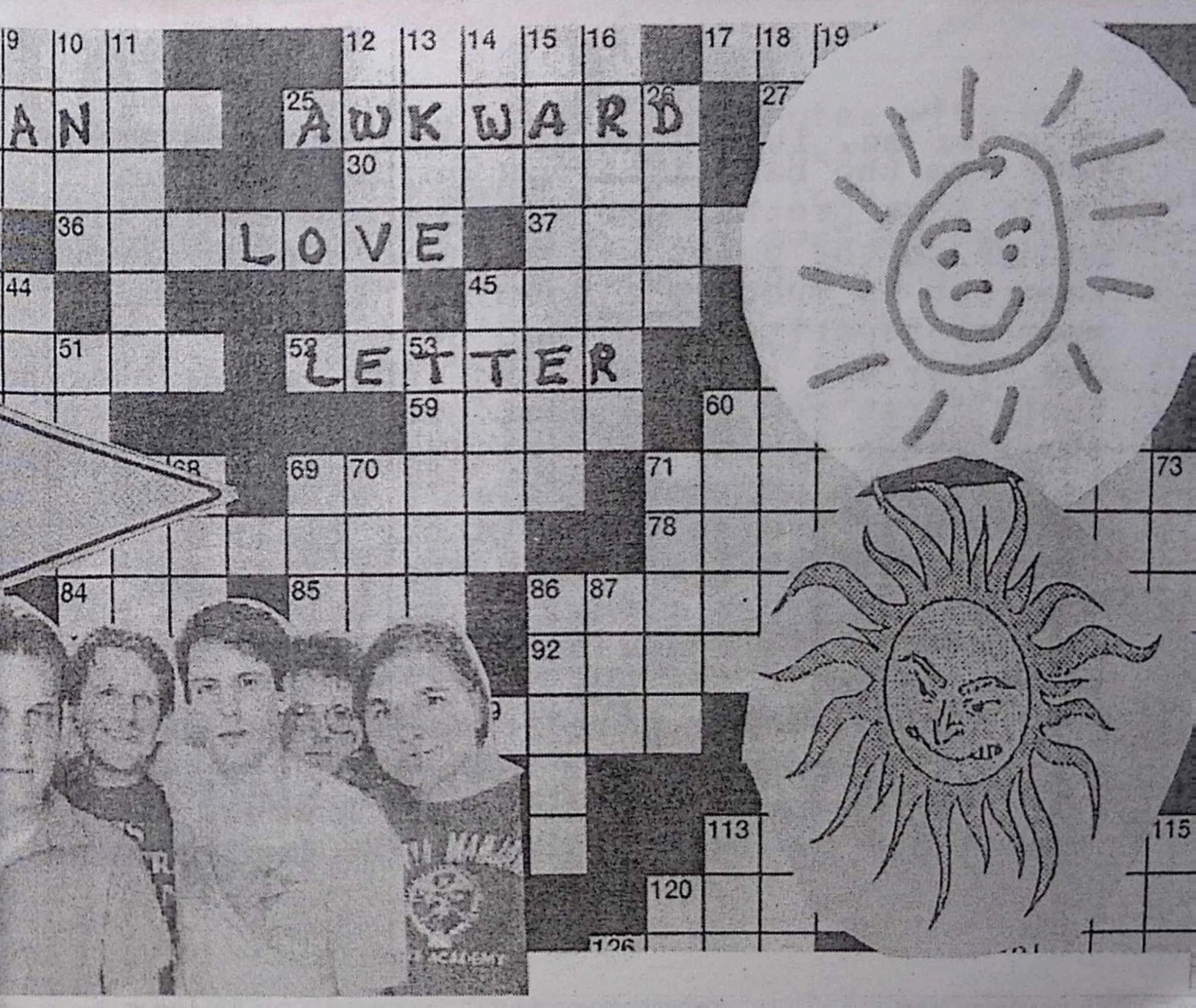
I had a hard time not walking out of. The movie? Gummo, by Harmony Korine. There were a few people in my class who walked out of Working Girls, a film about the day in the life of a lesbian who works at a brothel without her girlfriend's knowledge, because of, I dunno, the sex scenes? But they stay for a film where the two young main characters kill cats to sell to a Korean restaurant (ah, stereotypes!), and pay a guy to have sex with his mentally disabled sister? It's not shown but just the idea is bad enough.

I plan on going back to school eventually to major in English, but I'll probably end up with a minor in Film Studies. I don't think that I'll become a director anymore, but perhaps a screenwriter. Even if Quentin Tarantino popping up in my consciousness again has reminded me that it's okay not to go to

film school, I still feel horribly inadequate about the fact that I can't afford a film or video camera and wasn't making movies in high school or as a child.

12/8/05

I have come to the realization recently that I am probably a good candidate for unschooling. Or since I'm almost 25, un-college -ing. I have been a college dropout for 3 years now. And although I was basically forced to dropout under reasons that are too lengthy to go into here, I have no desire to go back anytime soon. Even when I was in college, I was more into taking classes or subjects that interested me rather than classes I had to take to earn a degree. I rarely saw advisors and made my own schedules. I dropped every Biology or regular History class I ever attempted to take because they could not hold my attention. I don't think this would change if I went back today — I would still sign up for more Literature, Art & Film History, and Sociology classes, although I have gained a sizable chip on my shoulder in regards to the two fil classes I wrote about in this article. Again, that's also for another time. Even if I don't really have the intention to become a filmmak anymore, I have kind of taken the Quentin Tarantino approach to learning about them. I watch a lot of movies and read books about film whenever I can.


AN
AWKWARD
LOVE
LETTER

For me, it begins and ends with Pavement. They are the band I always go back to. Now while I've pretty much listened to their albums enough to the point where I don't need to pull them out as much as I used to, I still call them my favorite band, and have for 10 years now. They are the only band whom, after hearing their first record, I went out and bought all their other albums (at the time, Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain and Wowee Zowee!) a week later. And even if I didn't like their final album (Terror Twilight) all that much, I've kept it, and as I've grown older, I appreciate it more on a adult level, and because I've heard worse albums since.

I obsessively pored over the Matador Records catalog in high school, buying up whatever Pavement single or EP I could find when I had the money. I found it impressive

that I got little handwritten notes with my orders, along with a ton of stickers for other Matador bands. I was 14. I got into "alternative music when I was 12, so while most of my friends were just discovering Nirvana and (the) Smashing Pumpkins in the ninth grade, I was into lo-fi indie bands, Sonic Youth, and classic alternative and punk bands. In high school, I was supposedly known as the girl with big boobs who wore t-shirts featuring bands that no one had heard of, but this was because I lived in a small rural town with not even one stoplight.

Pavement changed my life and saved it in a way. I was actively looking for non-depressing music at age 14, having dealt with depression for 2 years and being tired of it. That's not to say that Pavement's music is all happy, if anything, they're kind of notorious

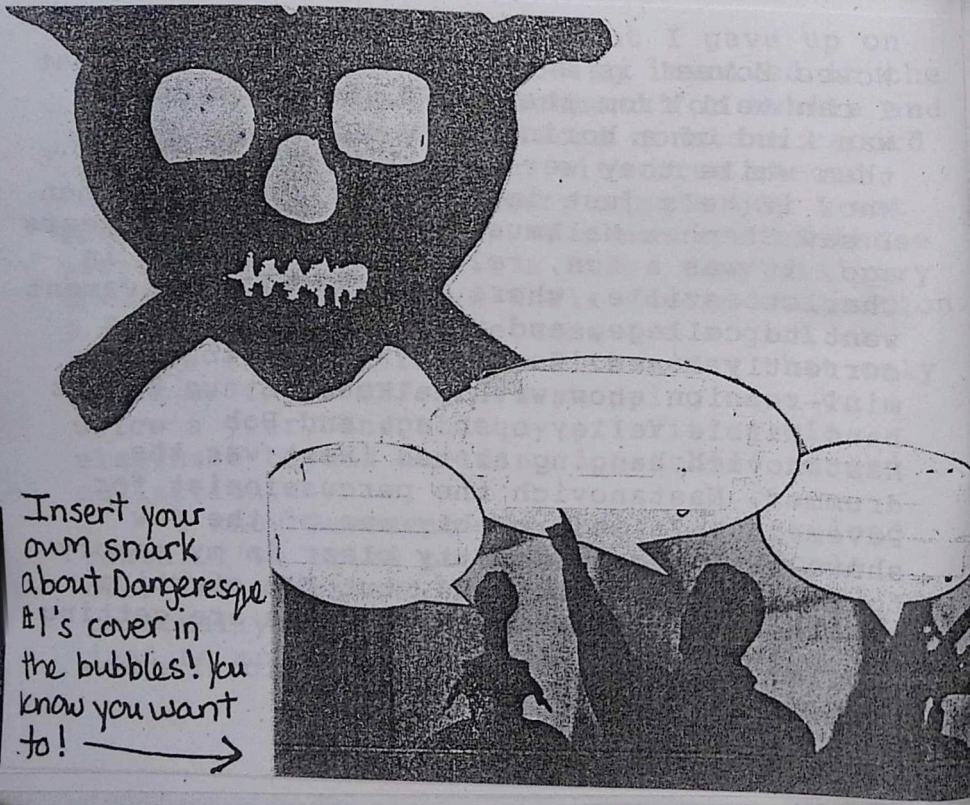
for their vague lyrics and cool attitude, a and not being very emotional. They are also one of the few bands I've heard that crosses genres, sometimes all on one album. It's usually their weird attempt at a certain genre but it works for them. They would not be so fun to listen to if they kept putting out Slanted & Enchanted-sounding records for 10 years. They had a very layered sound, and I'm starting to believe that good, serious, interesting layers can only be achieved with a band featuring five or more members, like Pavement. It allows you to discover something new everytime you listen. So maybe I needed that back then, the layered sounds, something not very emotional, a puzzle - something where if you listened to the lyrics, it could mean one thing to you, one thing to the writer, and a totally different thing to someone else.

They were melodic, they sung (as best they could, but despite Stephen Malkmus' nasally speaking voice, he doesn't have a nasally singing voice like Scott Kannberg, so they harmonized well at least), and they only screamed randomly to be silly, not to express angsty pain. I believe that I learned more about D.I.Y. ethics from them (and Matador Records) than I did from Nirvana or Sonic Youth, although arrows can be drawn between all three bands because that's how I more or less discovered them. My Matador Records catalog was in zine form, and in very lovingly used condition by the time I graduated high school. I learned a few things about being anti-corporation from Stephen Malkmus and Scott Kannberg (one tore the labels off his clothes and shoes, the other refused to speak to Rolling Stone magazine). I wanted to

be a record nerd like them, but I gave up on that around age 19 after being involved in the punk/hardcore scene in Richmond for awhile and just not being able to afford constant record buying or competing with true record nerds (um, just about every single guy I met while setting up shows). I'm not one of those people who says that in a fire, they will try their damndest to save their record collection. I don't know if it's because I'm a girl or because I have struggles with money that only allow me to go CD/record shopping once or twice a year, and that my priorities lie elsewhere beyond building a bitchin' record collection.

I know Pavement was and is an acquired taste. I've tried to convert a few people over the years and have failed. I think I've personally met about five people who like them just as much as I do, even assuring one that

Wowee Zowee! is a beautiful album. From what I can tell from their DVD, Pavement really was kind of a boring live act. I never saw them while they were still together. I don't know if he's just improved or what, but when I saw Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks a few years ago, it was a fun, relaxed show. It was in Charlottesville, where two-fifths of Pavement went to college, and where another member currently lives. So it turned out to be a mini-reunion show with Malkmus, Steve West's band Marble Valley opening, and Bob Nastanovich hanging around (West was the drummer, Nastanovich the percussionist for Pavement). It is probably one of the few shows that remains pretty clear in my memory to this day. I'm only 24, but I'm starting to find that my memories of shows are getting foggier, especially memories of local shows.


Insert your own snark about Dangeresque #1's cover in the bubbles! You know you want to!

Bad movies can be broken down into five categories for me, the first and worst being movies featuring entire casts of characters I want to see dead. This has only become a phenomenon for me these past two years where I have viewed Gummo, House of 1000 Corpses, and Cabin Fever. The last two, yes, I went in knowing that they would be bad, but I still get startled and disturbed by wanting a cast of stupid, unlikeable characters dead. I believe it's totally different than just rooting for the bad guy, especially when you find both the protagonists and antagonists to be equally despicable. At the very least with these movies I do feel a bit sorry for the female characters. And strangely, all three of these movies have the creepy, fucked up small town setting, something that tends to get to me in both good and bad horror movies, because I grew up in a small town.

My favorite type of bad movies are ones that can easily be made fun if my friends and I put our minds to it. These are usually the majority of the bad movies I watch, either intentionally or otherwise (i.e., I may walk in with a bad feeling about it, or at least expecting it to be mediocre, but do not know until I watch it how bad it may be).

It's been years, but there have been a couple of movies that have made me physically ill. Cool As Ice, starring Vanilla Ice and Pro Night II both gave me headaches. I actually threw up while watching XXX, the action movie starring Vin Diesel, but that was because I had drunk too much water before watching the movie.

Fourth are movies that are so bad and uninteresting that I either turn them off, fas forward to see the ending, or just don't pay much attention to them and end up reading a

magazine, playing with my cats, or making out with my boyfriend. Examples of this are Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me, Nightwatch starring Ewan MacGregor, and whatever the second movie in The Matrix trilogy was called.

And finally, are the movies I stick with to the end and watch either out of morbid curiousity or because I genuinely believe that if I make it through, I will be a stronger person. All of the movies from the first category also fall into this category, as does a movie called The Ice Cream Man starring Clint Howard. It took sheer willpower and determination to get through that. Since I saw it six years ago, I know that it is part of the reason why I don't remember much about it. The other reason is that the movie is extremely incoherent.

Of course, watching bad movies is more fun to do with other people rather than by yourself. I hardly ever sass back at the

movie or TV screen when I'm alone, that's for sure. I learned that watching bad movies could be fun from watching Mystery Science Theater 3000 (MST3K for short). MST3K is a show about a man who is shot in space by a mad scientist and his assistant and is forced to watch horrible movies with two cute, wisecracking robots. I was first introduced to the show at age 13. A local station would run episodes of The Mystery Science Theater Hour after Saturday Night Live. The MST3K Hour would break down one episode of the original show, which is two hours long, so that it would take two weeks to see the entire movie and original episode. The first episode I ever saw was Cave Dwellers. I don't think I even caught the theme song, which explains the show's premise. But I thought the show was hilarious and immediately fell in love

at least as much as one could fall in love with a TV show. The premise was so simple, so good and odd that I wish I had thought of it. But I tend to have a good amount of respectful envy towards the creative people and things I like the most. It was a dream of mine as a teenager to become a writer for MST3K. Since the show went off the air when I was 18, I now tend to joke that my ideal job is to be stuck in space making fun of bad movies with cute robots.

I believe Channel 12 stopped airing episodes of the MST3K Hour after a few months, much to my disappointment. I didn't see the show again until I was 15 or 16 and my mom got cable for our new apartment to keep my sister and I entertained over the summer while she worked. I started collecting episodes on VHS when I was 18 and worked at a

Suncoast, a retail video store. I have 33 episodes on VHS right now, mostly from the Sci-Fi Channel era, where the series had it's final three seasons. I occasionally buy or trade for tapes with people online. MST3K was probably the only show that would encourage their fans to share taped episodes with each other. If I could afford to, I would buy the DVD boxed sets, but I don't have much expendable income. Over this past year or so, MST3K has become a comfort show for me, something to watch if I'm feeling a little down, or if there is a weekend where I can't afford to rent movies. Even if I'm watching a favorite episode that I've seen several times, I still occasionally catch a joke that I hadn't noticed before and I at least giggle at my favorite wisecracks.

Honorable Mentions

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues by Tom Robbins
I haven't read this book since I was 13 (uh, I was already reading at a college-level by then) so I'm not sure how I would feel about it now. But this book warped me at a pretty young age, what with the somewhat graphic depictions of sex and peyote hallucinations.

(The) Smashing Pumpkins
Smashing Pumpkins were the first "alternative" band I was ever seriously into. Siamese Dream helped me a lot during my first serious bout with depression at the age of 12. It made me feel less alone. Now, I don't know how I feel about them, or at least Billy Corgan - I guess a degree of nostalgic respect and modern annoyance.

Homicide: Life on the Street
One of the smartest television shows I've ever seen, and by far, my favorite cop show. It featured an ensemble cast of great actors, all fairly unglamourous. My favorite detective was Frank Pembleton, played by Andre. Braugher. Pembleton considered himself a loner, and was very smart and arrogant. He was also the first television character I had ever seen who claimed that he did not believe in God. If I remember correctly, he was a fallen Catholic. I highly recommend checking out the show if you have the means to do so, almost all of the seasons are out on DVD.

Sassy Magazine
I know some people involved in zines look down on Sassy and the kids who were first introduced to zines via Sassy. But not everyone grew up in a city with a punk scene or had older siblings and friends. As I've mentioned before

I grew up in a small rural town about an hour or so south of Richmond. I am also the oldest sibling and didn't have any older friends when I was 11 or 12. I was left to find out about the underground on my own. Since I mostly got my hands on old and fairly outdated issues of the magazine from my local library, I never ordered the zines featured in Christina Kelly's "What Now" column. But at least I was made aware of what zines were.

Reading List

V for Vendetta - Alan Moore & David Lloyd

Batman: The Last Arkham - Alan Grant & Norm Breyfogle

Watchmen - Alan Moore & Dave Gibbons

Perfect Sound Forever: The Story of Pavement - Rob Jovanovic

The Zombie Survival Guide - Max Brooks

Crash - J.G. Ballard

Maus: A Survivor's Tale - Art Spiegelman

The Guerilla Girls' Bedside Companion to the History of Western Art - The Guerilla Girls

Songbook - Nick Hornby

The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy - Douglas Adams (re-read)

Celluloid Mavericks: A History of American Independent Film - Greg Merritt

The Master and Margarita - Mikhail Bulgakov

Fast Food Nation - Eric Schlosser

Candide - Voltaire

Mike Nelson's Movie Megacheese - Michael J. Nelson (re-read)

America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction - the writers of The Daily Show, Jon Stewart
Girls on Film - Clare Bundy, Lise Carrigg, Sibyl Goldman, Andrea Pyros (re-read)
The Little Prince - Antoine de Saint-Exupery
In a Queer Time & Place: Transgender Bodies, Subcultural Lives - Judith Halberstam
The Unseen Force: The Films of Sam Raimi - John Kenneth Muir

Written & Assembled to the Sounds of:
Milemarker - Frigid Forms Sell, Joy Division - Unknown Pleasures, Ladytron - 604, The Capricorns - In the Zone, Franz Ferdinand - s/t, Snow Patrol - Final Straw, Radio 4 - Gotham!, Pavement - Slanted & Enchanted, Low - I Could Live in Hope, The Replacements - Let It Be, various MyStery Science Theater 3000 episodes

Recommended Zines:
Muse #5 & #6 - Courtney - talknrrrdy2me@gmail.com
Not Sorry #3 - Jenny - Trackthirteen@gmail.com
The Ms. Films D.I.Y. Guide to Film & Video + Radical South - Niku - msfilms@hotmail.com
Any zine by Zack Sternwalker, he has several out - drsw56@hotmail.com

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Dangeresque #1 is still available for the time being at Cause and Effect Distro in the UK (causeandeffectdistro.com), Valiant Death Records and Distro in VA, USA (valiantdeath.com) and at my own website, Maybonne (www.freewebs.com/maybonne). It was previously available at HousewifeXcore Distro in CA (freewebs.com/housewifexcore) and the late great Pander Zine Distro.

Final requests + Other info:

Please do not reprint any of this zine without my permission. If you decide that you no longer want this zine, please give it to a friend, donate it to a zine library, or put it in a grab bag available for postage costs only. Do not auction it off on Ebay or Laundromatic, or trade my zine as if it is yours to trade for other zines and objects.

If you review this zine, please do not print or list my home address. I do not have a P.O. Box right now and am not comfortable with having my home address posted. Also, let me know if you do review this zine.

My e-mail address is dangeresque@gmail.com. Feel free to e-mail me because I have a boring job and like to respond to e-mails.